

› Give the Summer Drums

[Produced by Paris]

[Intro: Paris]

89.5 KPOO in the city by the bay, hard truth soldier radio  
Black owned and still strong, still got it goin' on  
San Francisco California, bringin' it back with old school slaps, still puttin' in on ya  
Representin' Freedom Justice and Equality, believe

[Verse 1: Paris]

Guerrilla Funk in the buildin', no straps on us  
We hit the function and chill, a pro-Black moment  
We tryin' to bubble for real, a mo' scratch moment  
The opposite of killa with backbone it's on  
Sunshine, Northern California summer time  
Grillin' somethin' other than swine, bustin' rhymes  
I didn't see one crime so wasn't no one time  
It's fun time, old school vets lacin' young minds  
I ain't talkin bout no murderin' blacks  
I'm talking learning and encouraging blacks  
Man we bringin' that encouragement back  
Still respectin' the new school dudes and they YouTube views  
I'm pushin' the 6-9, they pushin' the scraper  
We at park and its crackin', my potnas doin' it major  
Cold weather in the fall, but for now we loungin'  
Summertime in the Bay and when it's good is astoundin'  
Give the summer drums

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

Gangstas, hustlas, none of that is among us  
Just real life vets and youngsta's  
Livin', livin', livin', livin' for the summertime  
In the sunshine, nothin' up in the gun line  
Give the summer drums

[Verse 2: Paris & T-K.A.S.H.]

Laid back, way back  
Marvin Gaye track on a 8 track, day to relax  
That's how we do it on this West Coast  
Barbecue and Domino's, homie let's go  
Unity and togetherness, let the rest go  
We on that elevate, come on brother, let's toast

Kick that black on black violence out and shut the door behind it  
Rewind it back to good times from the Bay to LA, back to Sac  
Neighborhood superstar, block hero  
Neighborhood animosity, I got zero  
It's like that when you really reppin' for the people  
P-Dog, Tomie Kash, "Better Days" sequel  
Shot to 43rd Street, but it ain't lethal  
Respected in Oakland for change and remaining peaceful  
Yappin', no blappin' in my rappin'  
A smile on my mask when I'm askin' "What's happenin'?"

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

Gangstas, hustlas, none of that is among us (Hey)  
Just real life vets and youngsta's (That's right)  
Livin', livin', livin', livin' for the summertime  
In the sunshine, nothin' up in the gun line (Yo)  
Give the summer drums

[Verse 3: T-K.A.S.H.]

Brains all over the streets, brains I'm hopin' to reach  
Hangin' all over the streets, bangin', I hope it'll cease  
Change and grow into peace, rainin' with dough in the streets  
Sprinkle the dough with the yeast, then we get bread, that's how we eat  
Tomie Kash keep it lit, but without the heat  
Pull up with them pounds, but I'm only talkin' 'bout the beat  
Bust it in the air, just a friendly game of three-on-three  
Ain't nobody dead 'cause it really ain't no reason to be  
You ridin' with black men that's tapped in  
To the black men from back then, that's past tense  
And the straps and the reaction that traps black men  
Back in the pen, it's back to relaxin' again  
Did away with the thug livin', strictly gettin' high  
Realizin' I love livin', tryin' to get it right  
Unity, job opportunity  
Community that's through with movin' in these streets foolishly

[Outro: T-K.A.S.H.]

Livin', livin', livin', livin' for the summertime  
Livin', livin', livin', livin'  
Livin', livin', livin', livin' for the summertime  
Give the summer drums, son